The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce-Quasi-Semper-Victurus---Vive-Quasi-Cras-Moriturus

A Literary — News Weekly

VOL. LIV. APRIL 1, 1927 No. 24

1872--1927

Stories

Like Billy - - - *Arnold Williams*

A Tear Indeed - - - *F. C. Miller*

The Apparition - - - *Leo McIntyre*

Essays

Shakespearean Tragedy - - *Joseph Obligato*

How to Revive Interest in Poetry - *Richard Elpers*

Desdemona - - - *Arthur A. Mitiguy*

15 Cents The Copy ***$3.00 The Year***

SOUTH BEND CLEARING HOUSE

BANKS

American Trust Company

Men of Notre Dame
We Welcome You

CORNER MICHIGAN AND WASHINGTON

Basketball
Swimming
Hockey
Boxing
Debating
Dramatics

COMPLETE REPORTS IN

The South Bend News-Times . . .

NOTRE DAME MEN

Can always depend upon finding something to please their taste in our large and varied stock, and our prices have an appeal to the young man with business acumen.

USE YOUR CREDIT

Block Bros
LEADING JEWELERS
[illegible] S. MICHIGAN ST.

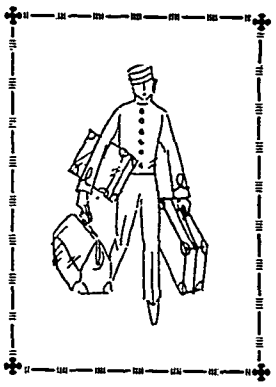
O. A. CLARK LUNCH ROOMS

$5.50 COMMUTATION TICKETS $5.00

Tickets bought at the Cafeteria are good at any of the down-town locations

O. A. CLARK LUNCH ROOMS

122 W. WASHINGTON AVENUE
104-106 N. MICHIGAN STREET
222 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET
327 SOUTH MICHIGAN STREET
119-121 W. JEFFERSON BLV'D
107 E. WASHINGTON AVENUE
321 WEST SOUTH STREET



Vacation Bound?

Pack your clothes in a Gladstone and hie away for Easter. Correct luggage for men—everything from brief cases to Indestructo Wardrobe Trunks—in Wyman's Luggage Shop.

Come and See Us

GEORGE WYMAN & COMPANY

OFFICE PHONE Main 0689

RESIDENCE PHONE Main 1162 and L 9553

DR. EDGAR S. LUCAS

Dentistry

DR. ROBERT F. LUCAS

Extracting and Surgery of the Mouth and Jaws

612 J. M. S. BLDG.
South Bend, Ind.

HOLY CROSS SANATORIUM

FOR TUBERCULOSIS
DEMING, NEW MEXICO

Homelike and beautiful in Providence's own climate for the treatment of all types of tuberculosis and diseases of the chest. Unequalled nursing and medical care; latest methods; sun baths all year round.

Rates very moderate on account of our own dairy and produce farm.

BOOKLET ON REQUEST

ONE MAN TELLS ANOTHER



Take the Full Swing to Gilbert's
You'll find it *pays*.

When you come to town for a suit, shirt or shoe, just keep on going until you reach South Bend's most lively clothing store. It's 8 blocks south—but good stocks and good prices make that little extra distance worth while.



See the new Learbury Clothes for Spring.

LOOK FOR THE ELECTRIC SIGN

GILBERT'S
MENS OUTFITTERS
813 S. MICH. ST.

OPEN EVENINGS



GLEN SPRAY TOPCOATS

For Many Uses---
And Long Usefulness

A WARM, comfortable Glen Spray Topcoat takes the chill out of chilly evenings. Glen Spray is a sturdy, good-looking Scotch fabric—woven exclusively for Hickey-Freeman. Double faced, but not two-faced. A soft, rich cheviot exterior, backed by firmly woven worsted which gives "body" to the cloth.
In attractive hues and shades you must have to keep in step with the mode.

MAX ADLER
COMPANY

ON THE CORNER MICHIGAN AND WASHINGTON

WELCOME!
Notre Dame Boys

Smith's Cafeteria
111 East Jefferson Blvd.

N. D. Men's Favorite
Eating Place

The Home of Quality

We Do Our Own Baking

Miller-Mueller
Oliver Hotel Shop
103 North Main Street

New Spring Shirts in
bright, clear patterns
$2 to $8.50

Spring Neckwear
$1 to $3.75

Scheyer-tailored suits
and topcoats

IDEAL LAUNDRY

. . . This is Our *11th* Year of Service
To Notre Dame Students



They're playing the nine holes at Studebaker Park now.

We're selling a new golf ball made by Society Brand. It's a regular 75c ball —but here it's only 50c.

Just a tip—

Whether you like to hike or play —you'll want to look right— that's where we come in—dressing you smartly for any occasion.

ADLER BROTHERS

105-107-109 South Michigan St. - - - 108 West Washington Avenue

THE SCHOLASTIC STAFF

J. A. BREIG, - - - *Editor-in-Chief*
D. M. MEINERT, - *Business Manager*

F. J. PENDERGAST - *News Editor*
JACK MULLEN - - *Literary Editor*
FRANKLYN E. DOAN - *Sports Editor*
W. H. LAYNE - - - - *The Week*
CHARLES REITZ - - - - - - *Music*
JOHN T. CULLINAN - *College Parade*

NEWS

J. P. MCNAMARA WILLIAM CRAIG JOSEPH BRANNON JAMES VAUGHAN
ROBERT WARD WILLIAM BLEWITT JAMES ROY JOHN V. HINKEL
C. S. BANWARTH

ADVERTISING

H. MCDEVITT - - *Local Adv. Mgr.*
H. J. NOON - *Local Circulation Mgr.*
J. P. HILGER *Foreign Advertising Mgr.*

BUSINESS

L. FAIVER A. WISDA
R. ZILIAK H. O'BRYAN
H. KELLEY DONALD J. SEHL

VOL. LIV. APRIL 1, 1927 No. 24

1872 = 1927

INDEX

The Week	*W. H. Layne*	742
Campus Opinion	*Charles Phillips*	745
Hobnails	*Cyrano of Chicago*	749
Like Billy	*Arnold Williams*	750
A Tear Indeed	*Francis Collins Miller*	755
The Apparition	*Leo R. McIntyre*	756
Shakespearean Tragedy	*Joseph Obligato*	757
How to Revive Interest in Poetry	*Richard Elpers*	759
Desdemona	*Arthur A. Mitiguy*	761
Death (*Poem*)	*W. H. M.*	762
Sport News		763
Among Interhall Athletes		764

Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1103, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.

The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men

THE WEEK

Theatrically speaking, Notre Dame is about as busy as it is possible for a university to be. First there were the two University Theatre presentations of serious dramas. This week end the monogram men are working the rythm of their shift into the chorus of their annual musical revue, "The Monogram Absurdities," with such a marked degree of success that there is a rumor concerning a Ziegfield scout being planted in the Washington Hall audience. Professor Frank Kelly is in charge of the revue and even an advance publicity man could not have student expectations soar higher: that is, unless he booked a prize fight between Leo McCauley and John McManmon.

Les Grady and Don Wilkins came out one day before April first with their April Fool *Juggler*, just to prove that they don't believe in keeping appointments. The cover beside being a work of art is the creation of three men. Think of the effort behind a project like that. Most campus humorous publications are satisfied with having one or two at the most work on a cover; but the *Juggler* demands the best of three individual styles. Dick Harrington has produced some work that reminds us of the best dressed man affair that took place on the campus some three years ago. And while the subject of best dressed men is here, what about the College Humor tests for new movie heroes? If they only wanted comedians!!!

There was a Scribller's meeting Monday night where about everything from life to letters was discussed. Professor Phillips was the central figure of a round table discussion of modern authors and there is a tendency to remark that the authors themselves could have learned a great deal if they had been present. The latest novel of Sinclair Lwis was discussed and the time last year when he stood on a Kansas City platform and asked God to strike him dead was recalled. In a recent review, Mr. William Allen White says that although Mr. Lewis still breathes as other men, God did strike him dead as a literary man. Those who are foolish enough to read his latest creation will agree heartily with this. The first Scribbler Anthology was discussed and plans made for its distribution in the near future.

Miss Margaret Anglin, a truly great dramatic artist, has been awarded the Laetare Medal for the current year. In the theatrical world Miss Anglin has starred in some of the most successful classical and modern dramas and this latest honor comes as a merited recognition of her contribution to the American theatre. Miss Anglin is the ninth woman to be awarded the highest honor of our university.

Approximately eighty-five men were initiated into the Knights of Columbus last Sunday afternoon. For those of us who wait behind and observe the reaction of the young men who take this pledge there is rather a pleasant fascination attached to it. Sometimes the men who enter come back with an entirely new outlook on life, often they are even made to think deeply. When such an organization can aid a man in life to that extent there is certainly a worthy place for it in this world.

The baseball team prepares daily for the invasion of the southlands. Where the big league teams have broken the paths the university nines will follow up in preparation of their respective seasons. Spring football is obviously making an impression on the athletic countenances. Scrimmage and dummy practice work off the surplus flesh winter has gifted the men with and this warm Indiana sun does more than its part.

The golf team is scheduled to hold its first practice of the year Sunday. The varsity team this year has booked some excellent opponents including Northwestern, Indiana, Wisconsin, and others that promise to make this the most interesting golf season ever.

—W.H.L.

ECHOES OF THE LAETARE MEDAL

It is not too late, perhaps, to offer some reflection upon the peculiar appropriateness with which that coveted honor, the Laetare medal, has been conferred upon Miss Margaret Anglin.

This has been a season replete with attacks upon the stage as an institution. Some of these attacks were launched by fanatics, it is true, but some of them came from honest and intelligent sources. Some of them were wholly undeserved, and some of them were as assuredly deserved.

At any rate we have, perhaps more strongly than ever, been given cause to analyze the theater, to attempt to discover just what is amiss with it, and to correct it if possible. And the movement has attracted wide comment, speculation and questioning the country over.

In the midst of the debate, Margaret Anglin is singled out the recipient of the highest annual honor of the Catholic church bestowed on some noted lay member.

In this very action there is an answer to the problem. Recognition has been given to a woman who has employed her undoubted talent not solely to her own benefit and profit, but to the benefit and profit of the stage itself and of those who follow the stage.

In this connection, the *New York Times* observes:

The award of the Laetare medal means something more than the mere presentation of a passing symbol of praise upon its recipient.

Its direct result—and here we must unfortunately descend to a more practical, in fact commercial, term—is that thousands of Americans, realizing for the first time that Miss Anglin is really a great woman, will be stimulated with the desire to see her and to investigate for themselves what manner of work she is doing.

It is, in other words, "advertising decency and intelligence."

There are three institutions or personages to be congratulated upon this incident. The first, of course, is Miss Anglin. The second is the faculty that made the award. The third is the theater itself.—*South Bend News-Times.*

MISS ANGLIN'S DISTINCTION

"What has stood out in the career of Miss Anglin is not only the fact that she attained full command of all the technique of the stage, but that she clung to ideals, moral as well as professional, and especially that she sought to make dramatic production a means of stimulus and education.

"This was notably the case with her representations of Greek tragedy, which have associated her name with universities in various parts of the country, and have shown that a public interest lies ready to be awakened in the noblest and most moving classical plays."—*New York Times.*

MISS ANGLIN'S ACCEPTANCE

"My dear Father Carroll:

"I was so completely overcome upon receiving your wonderful telegram yesterday evening, it took me some little time to frame an answer and then I gave it up! The reply I sent was entirely inadequate and in no way expressed my deep emotion.

"I am rather frightened when I think how little I deserve such distinction.

"Will you convey my thanks to members of the faculty for their kind congratulations and believe me your and their humble and grateful,

"Margaret Anglin Hull."

LEMMER CUP AWARDED

The members of the Inter-Hall Debating teams, the Law Club Debating Team and members of the Varsity Depating Team were entertained at a banquet at the Oliver Hotel given by the Wranglers Club last night. The occasion was the formal closing of the debating season and the awarding of the Lemmer Trophy for Inter-Hall Debating to Brownson Hall.

The Rev. William Bolger, Rev. Michael Mulcaire, and Rev. Matthew Schumacher were the honor guests of the Wranglers. Mr. Vitus Jones, a prominent South Bend attorney, was the speaker of the evening.

The Lemmer Trophy is the gift of Victor Lemmer of Escanaba, Mich., A.B., '26, a former member of the Wranglers. It was presented to the coaches of Brownson Hall, William J. Coyne and Arnold L. Williams, by J. P. McNamara, chairman of the Inter-Hall committee. The other halls in the league were Freshman which had William F. Craig as its coach, while Howard Hall was coached by Arthur Stenius and Jack Dailey.

The guests of the Wranglers were John Houligan, Murray Ley, Thomas Keogan, Jack Reynolds, Thomas O'Mara, Joseph Weadock, Jack Walsh, George Winkler, Francis Broker, James McKinnty, C. Carrey, G. Lander, Francis Corbett, L. Amato, F. Dolan, J. Cullen, W. Vogelweide and T. Couray, who were members of the Interhall teams and James Keating, George Courey, Walter Stanton, William H. Kreig, and Clarence Buckley who were reserves on the varsity team this season.

K. OF C. HEAR JUDGE WOOTEN DIAGNOSE THE MEXICAN QUESTION

Notre Dame Council, Number 1477, Knights of Columbus, was very active from Friday evening, March 24, to Sunday evening, March 27. Friday evening the first degree was exemplified by the Council's officers, headed by Grand Knight Irmiger, in the chambers of the South Bend Council. Sunday afternoon the second and third degrees were conferred on the candidates again in the chambers of the South Bend Council. The three degrees were conferred upon the largest group of candidates ever to be enrolled by Notre Dame Council.

Subsequent to the conferring of the second and third degrees, a banquet, in honor of the men just initiated, was held in the Rotary room of the Oliver Hotel. The veracity of the menu began to be tested at seven P. M. At eight o'clock everyone found it had successfully stood the test. Grand Knight Robert Irmiger then introduced James E. Armstrong, editor of *The Notre Dame Alumnus* and secretary of the Alumni Association, to the gathering as the toastmaster of the evening.

Mr. Armstrong called upon the following men for talks: District Deputy Peak, Notre Dame alumnus, of South Bend; William Patrick Clarke, father of William Patrick Clarke, one of the candidates, who came from Toledo, Ohio, to witness the degrees conferred; Rev. W. C. Walsh of Bellefontaine, Ohio; Professor Charles Phillips of the University of Notre Dame; John P. McAuliffe of Chicago; Rev. J. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., Prefect of Descipline at the University.

When these men had responded to the toastmaster's introduction with short, enthusiastic, witty talks, Mr. Armstrong called upon Professor Dudley G. Wooten, of the College of Law at the University, the principal speaker of the evening. The subject of Professor Wooten's address was "Mexico."

Professor Wooten at the start explained that he had written, read and spoken so much about Mexico in the past two years that the name was becoming obnoxious to him. Following this explanation, he launched upon a presentation of the Mexican question that was both original and comprehensive. He carried his auditors from the glory that was the Aztecs before the Spanish conquest down to the bolshevistic regime of the present despot in Mexico, President Calles. This he did in an incomparable manner, that both entertained and instructed his listeners. He delved into the causes of the unrest that has characterized the Mexican people for the past ninety years and brought them forth, clutched in both hands, so that all could plainly see.

"The Mexican constitution," declared Professor Wooten at one stage of his address, "is greatly unlike the Constitution of the United States. This dissimilarity has given rise to misunderstanding among citizens of the United States. Under the Mexican constitution, the president is virtually a despot; he is given the power either to amend the constitution or to alter it entirely; either of these prerogatives he may exercise whenever he feels so inclined."

Professor Wooten concluded his address by exhorting the men of Notre Dame to go out into the world with an ability to discriminate between national temporal fealty and international spiritual fealty. He declared that, contrary to the opinion of many, there is a perennial line of demarcation between the two. National temporal fealty is due to one's country and international spiritual fealty is due to one's religion, the Roman Catholic religion, which not only is international but universal. "Universal peace," terminated the professor, "will never be achieved by a political league of nations. Savants maintain that at a certain height in the sky all the currents of air blow in the same direction. Universal peace will be attained on that day when the spiritual currents of mankind all blow in the same direction."

Throughout the evening "Jack" Carr and his K. of C. orchestra and the University of Notre Dame's Glee Club quartet, to wit, Messrs. Kopecky, Wagner, Hetreed and Mulreany, vied with the speakers in regaling those in attendance at the banquet. The

committee responsible for the banquet's success was composed of Grand Knight Robert Irmiger, Financial secretary Edward F. Mc Keown, Chancellor Thomas E. O'Connor, and Lecturer Howard V. Phalin, chairman.

—L R.M.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY LECTURE

The 47th regular meeting of the St. Joseph Valley Section of the American Chemical Society was held in Chemistry Hall Tuesday evening, March 22. The Section was fortunate in having for the speaker of the evening Paul Nicholas Leech, Ph.D., Director of the Chemical Laboratory of the American Medical Association. His subject was "Home Remedies: Claim vs. Composition."

Dr. Leech is an authority on this subject, since the patent medicines about which he lectures were analyzed in his own laboratory. The talk was illustrated, and was presented in a way that kept every one interested. The many remedies and panaceas on the market are familiar enough, but their ingredients are not so well known. The composition of some would furnish laughs for any humorous publication, but in other medicines are found some decidedly dangerosu drugs. The Pure Food and Drugs Act is so far out of date that it no longer protects. Dr. Leech brought out in most able fashion both the comic and the pathetic aspects of the story of patent medicines.

The doctor has given this lecture before a number of scientific societies, and it has always met with success. The local meeting was no exception. The attendance was the largest of the year, and all spent a worth while and enjoyable evening.

SPRING BASKETBALL WORKOUTS

George Keogan is putting a squad of forty athletes, most of them freshmen, through a five weeks training grind in preparation for the 1928 basketball season. Loss of the four stellar men who attained the greatest college record ever made, will force Keogan to develop new talent to step into the breach.

CAMPUS OPINION

EDITOR THE SCHOLASTIC,
DEAR SIR:

I would like to call your attention to the following: "The Catholic Church does not compel you to give up your sense of beauty, your sense of humor, or your pleasant vices. It merely requires you to give up your honesty, your reason, your heart and your soul."

This astonishing statement appears in a book which just now is being much "tooted" in the press. "Everyone," they tell us, is reading it—including a good many Notre Dame students.

Now, may I ask this: "How many Notre Dame men, reading the book in question, will swallow this statement, accept it supinely and not even in their own minds or hearts rise up to repudiate it and repute it?"

It isn't necessary for me to mention the name of the book in which this amazing paragraph occurs. Those who have read it or are reading it know what book is meant; and for my part I wouldn't advertise the thing by publishing its title. But I do feel that a word should be said for the benefit of any of our campus friends who may be inclined, in their eagerness to keep up with the smartaleck literature of the time, to join the sheeplike herds who gobble up this sort of stuff and proclaim it from the housetops as "clever."

And the best word that can be said is to repeat the question: *"How will a Notre Dame student answer, to himself and to his own soul, such a defamation of the Catholic Church?—The Church that teaches him intellectual honesty and lifts his reason, his heart and his soul, up to his Creator?"*

I have a world of confidence in the Notre Dame man; I think that, in the whole, he can and will meet a thing like this with vigorous challenge. But it won't hurt any of us to be reminded of our duty in cases of this kind.

I'd like to hear some of the answers!

Sincerely yours,
Charles Phillips.

TWO BOY LEADERSHIP COURSES HERE

Because the number of clerical students of the 1926 summer course in Boy Leadership was so great as to make a separation necessary, the university will offer two courses during the 1927 session, one of which will be restricted to members of the priesthood, the other open to laymen. The Boy Leadership in Boy Guidance, is conducted in cooperation with the Boy Life Bureau of the Supreme Council of the Knights of Columbus, of which Brother Barnabas, F. S. C., of New Haven, Conn., is executive secretary.

Copies of special bulletin outlining the course, to be released shortly, will be sent to all priests and Grand Knights of the Knights of Columbus councils in Minnesota, Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana and Kentucky. Preparations are being made to accommodatee an increased enrollment for the coming term. Present plans call for establishing the lay members of the course in the boat house on the bank of St. Joseph's lake, while the priests will be quartered in the college dormitories. Special instructors will b assigned to each of the divisions.

GLEE CLUB EASTER TRIP

Under direction of Joseph J. Casasanta, the Glee Club is holding final practices in preparation for the Easter trip, the first the club has made in the West. The itinerary includes Chicago, Kansas City and Omaha, with five other engagements scheduled. While in Omaha the members of the club will attend the Creighton Senior Ball. The first concert will be held in Orchestra Hall, Chicago, Easter Sunday afternoon. The club will return to the university a week later.

PRESS MEETING POSTPONED

The semi-monthly luncheon-meeting of the Press Club, scheduled for the Coffee Shop of the LaSalle Hotel Thursday noon, was postponed due to the examinations. The meetings will be resumed Thursday noon, April 7. A prominent member of South Bend newspaper circles has been secured to address the members of the club.

DR. MAHIN ADDRESSES FORT WAYNE CHEMISTS

Dr. E. G. Mahin, of the Department of Chemistry, lectured at Tri-State College, Angola, Indiana, to the Ft. Wayne Section of the American Chemical Society on Saturday, March, 26.

The Ft. Wayne Section has a number of Tri-State students among its members, and holds one of its regular meetings at the College. Dr. Mahin of Notre Dame was secured as speaker for this occasion. The Section held a banquet at the noon hour, and following this, heard the lecture. The doctor's subject was on "Crystal Structure and Strength of Metals," which he illustrated with slides and experiments.

GUIDANCE MEN HEAR TALK

The members of the Education Seminar and of the Boy Guidance Course attended a lecture in the County Courthouse, South Bend, Monday evening, by Rolland Sheldon, Brooklyn, N. Y., secretary of the National Big Brothers Federation. Judge Cyrus Pattee presided. Mr. Sheldon's topic was "The Value of Big Brotherhood Service in Aiding Juvenile and Adult Probationing." After the lecture an open forum was held in which, among others, Father Cunningham, Thomas Harvey and Joseph Sweeney took part.

THE NOTRE DAME LAWYER OUT

Clarence Ruddy's *Notre Dame Lawyer* again made its appearance on the campus this week. Heralded by such signs as "Why Is a Tomato, and When," the little gray-covered publication is chock full of interesting dissertation on legal subjects. The feature of the current number is an article entitled "The Church and State in Mexico" by Judge Dudley Wooten of the Notre Dame Law School. It is perhaps the most comprehensive and understanding piece of work on this subject yet to be offered to the American public. An article on the origin of property, numerous amusing curiosities of law, notes on recent cases, and book reviews round out the table of contents.

MONOGRAM SHOW TONIGHT, TOMORROW

The Monogram Club Absurdities of 1927 opened Wednesday afternoon in Washington Hall, at a special performance for the girls of St. Mary's College. Arranged and produced by Prof. Frank W. Kelly, after the book written under the supervision of Profs. Kelly, Vincent Engels and Vincent Fagan, and with dance numbers directed by Mary Grace Mohn, the show this year proved to be better in every detail than those of previous years.

The prologue, "Versatility," ably presented by James Roy, was a fitting curtain-raiser to the Minuet of The Graceful Dozen; to wit, Griffin, Voedisch, Nyikos, Edwards, Wilson, Ronay, Walsh, O'Boyle, Miller, McCaffery, Fredericks, Flanagan. Believe it or not, these gentlemen almost spoiled the fun by being so graceful there was nothing to laugh about. Miss Charlotte Fegan and Master Danny Richardson, tiny singers, preceded the appearance of The Dahman Sisters, with Miss Mary Desauw and the inimitable Ray (Himself) Dahman. Anthony Kopecky's singing of Irish melodies provided a bit of sentiment to the program, after which the Graceful Dozen did it again.

John Dugan, as Rockne in Rock's Revelation, was perfect. The only way to do Dugan justice is to say that had Rockne been there he wouldn't have been certain whether he was on the stage or in the audience. Rats, a Sorin Subway scene, with Moore, Maxwell, Young, Benda, Judge and Riley, portrayed graphically the impossibility of studying in the classic cellar. Bearskin—A Solution, featured James Coleman as The Awful Dumb Sock, and with the aid of Besten, Hearden, Boland, and Nulty, blithely solved (or did it?) the mystery of the notorious sports scribe. "Bud" Boeringer and Vincent McNally were the principals in the three perfect presentations, which *were* perfect.

Jack Curtis' Collegians, featuring, among a dozen other features, Reitz and Dufficey at two pianos, were unbeatable. Curtis has gathered together an orchestra that needs take no back talk from anyone, and popular numbers had the audience in contortions throughout.

The second part of the program was full of amusing skits, well written and put over in a versatile manner. Probably the best of the lot was John McManmon in his bit, "Mac for Mayor." A big beauty contest, "the Search for Pulchtritude" was another bit that made a large hit with the audience. In this act such familiar characters as Palais Peg, Chapin Street Ann, and Doity Goity appeared to telling advantage.

Two dance specialties by Miss Margaret De la Monte and Mrs. Orris, of South Bend, were well received and worthy of mention. The dancing by the Monogram men in the latter part of the performance was perhaps the best of the whole bill. The two numbers in which football players discarded cleats for dancing pumps were "The Thriller Girls," and a "Russian Specialty."

A Universal Notre Dame Night in Heaven filled out the performance with tried and true John Wallace in the role of Saint Peter. Several well-known figures around the campus were unable to make the entrance requirements in this skit, and were advised to prep a while more in Hades High School, conducted by one headmaster known as Lucifer.

All in all, the Monogram Absurdities of 1927 was perhaps the best offering in the line of comedy that the students have been offered for a long time—probably since the time when harp concerts were the vogue in the way of student humor.

SCRIBBLERS HEAR PHILLIPS

The Scribblers met Monday evening in their room in the Library. Secretary Joe Breig, in the absence of President Grady, conducted the meeting.

Professor Charles Phillips addressed the members of the society on the subject, "Our Contemporary Novelists." Professor Phillips gave a critique of the works of Willa Cather, Sinclair Lewis, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and other prominent novelists of to-day.

CHICAGO OPERATIC TRIO HERE TUESDAY

Once again Notre Dame will have the pleasure of hearing three prominent opera stars, this time in the persons of Irene Pavloska, mezzo soprano; Forrest Lamont, tenor; and Virgilio Lazzari, basso. They will appear in Washington Hall April 5.

Irene Pavloska, whose voice and versatility have advanced her to a leading position among present day mezzo-sopranos, is now adding the laurels of concert successes to the many she has gained through her triumphs on the operatic stage. Miss Pavloska calls herself a Polish-Canadian-American, and by inheritance, environment and serious study at home and abroad, she is prepared musically, intellectually, and socially to attain a high and permanent place in the ranks of singing artists. Her rich mezzo-soprano is familiar to thousands of opera goers. In the characterization of many roles played as a member of the Chicago Civic Opera Company, her voice combined with her sincerity and versatility has attracted an ever growing and admiring public.

An artist in the fullest sense of the word is Forrest Lamont. His career as a singer has covered every field of the art, and whether in recital, or oratorio, or grand opera, abroad or in America, he has been acclaimed as highly successful. Six months study of grand opera in Italy were followed by a most successful debut at the Adriano theatre at Rome. Upon his return to New York he accepted a splendid contract with the Chicago Civic Opera Company, and his success with that organization during the past season was followed by a renewal of his contract for three years. His skill in the employment of a resonant voice, with its limpid qualities and perfect tone, his versatile adaptability, his complete familiarity with all the demands of his art, have earned for him the position of America's foremost tenor.

Not since the days of the great Plancon has there been a bass voice that has received so much comment as that of Virgilio Lazari. After making his debut with the Chicago Opera Company in the fall of 1921 his name was on the tongue of every opera patron and music lover the following day. No one had ever heard such a gorgeous and resonant bass. He came to America after great successes in Europe and South America and was selected by Mary Garden to appear in the leading basso roles with the Chicago Opera Company. It has been aptly said by one famous critic, that bass voices are so rare one is always thrilled as well as charmed with such singing as Mr. Lazzari does.

C. A. R.

BOYS' CLUB SECRETARY HERE

H. J. Atkinson, secretary of the Boys' club Federation of America was a campus visitor Wednesday and Thursday of last week, the guest of Prof. Ray A. Hoyer, director of the department of Boy Guidance. Mr. Atkinson spent the two days lecturing to the Boy Guidance students, and interviewing those who are seeking positions for the summer.

On Friday Mr. Atkinson and Prof. Hoyer left for Fort Wayne, where they are attending the ten-day Boy Leadership course being conducted by the Knights of Columbus. Both are scheduled to deliver lectures to the conference.

VOOR ADDRESSES JOURNALISTS

W. E. Voor, night city editor of the South Bend News-Times, spoke to the members of the senior class of the School of Journalism Tuesday morning in the Journalism room of the Library. His subject was "The Special Feature Article."

Particular emphasis was laid by the speaker upon the construction of the "human interest" story. He also stressed the opportunities that abound at Notre Dame for salable articles, and urged the seniors to make use of their chance to get their names before the editors of this section. The lecture was part of a course which the members of the News-Times staff, by arrangement with Dr. John M. Cooney, director of the School of Journalism, are giving to the journalists.

HOBNAILS

UNA POEMA

The campus lawn has swathed
Itself in lustrous green;
While other signs of
Spring on every hand are seen.
Boys with marbles, men with
Smiles upon their faces,
New loves garnered
From unfamiliar places.
But spring prompts not
My endless love for you, Dear . . .
All winter, for all time,
I have wished you near!

—ARISTOTLE II.

TO THOSE WHO GRIPE:

The SCHOLASTIC always offers the basis for a great deal of what Barry Mahoney would undoubtedly call innocent amusement. Some have even gone so far as to insinuate that it is an illegitimate child because it partakes, or attempts to partake, of the assorted characters of news-papers and literary magazines. The other day, through the generosity of Leo McCauley, an old copy of the SCHOLASTIC fell into our hands. We have nothing to say about it (Jim Armstrong has already accused us of being an iconoclast) but we suggest that the next time you feel like griping, look up the files of a few years back.

TO NELLMAE

There is in your eyes
The color of white frost
Upon dark maple leaves.

And on your lips—
The royal red tinge
Of a mountain sunset.

Yet your face has
The soft whiteness,
Of a butterfly
In silver moonlight.

—HENRY STUCKART.

WHAT DO YOU EXPECT OF LITERARY LIGHTS?

DEAR CY: Yea, I'll grant that Morrissey is the great and leading hall of the campus. It has under its protecting wings, the literati of the campus. One of the editors of the *Dome* resides on the first floor—the editor of the SCHOLASTIC has a vacant looking room on the third floor; poets abound from the subway to the tower; about half of the members of the various literary societies live in Morrissey. And then it is right up there in the athletic lines. Didn't they tie for the interhall indoor title? And didn't they make a good showing in basketball and football—and they will probably make a strong bid for the baseball championship. But Cy, I'll let you in on something else—something quite checking. Morrissey leads in another field, and that is that there are more bad check artists in that hall than in all the other halls on the campus. Ollie Clark's bad check list for last Saturday showed that six of Morrisseys' sons had been in need of money and had chosen the easy route by writing one to Ollie. So once again dear old Morrissey leads the field. . . —LALLY.

HARRY COMES BACK

Deer Frends—Beleeve it or not I have got jernelistic tendencies. I have bin contributin to a lot of local stuff and the capshun over my last artickle bemoaned my literary "in absentium" and advised me to wait less longer intervles between contribushens. You can see Ime getten up amongst the best of em. The footballers have dummy scrimmage every nite now. The fellow across the hall is out for it—he is won of the dummys. In referents to the nocternle sax maniac from Morrissey that they say is overly intestinle I think that he is normle alrite but that he stands Pat over thare. The "Liber Lunaticorum" calls sutch acten a pronounseed tutch of crazy fortytood. They have a new hall yell hear—it gos like this—Raw! Rah! Soph Blah! Jam-jel! Razell! Hoo Cares? Why Mull cares! Thare aint mutch sents to it but the yokels yell it swell. I don't no hoo Mull is but the yell gos hoo cares? Thare aint as mutch hundred proof spirit around as there was anymore. A cupple guys have evidents of it but they left emty rooms hear. A guy told me a joak this afternune and I didn't think it was funny but maybe you will. The deaf Irishman in speeken of his trips said he coodnt get along so well in Turkey becuz he couldnt harem. Yures until the Council Bluffs. That last crack is a deep won for the Ioa guys.

—HARRY.

CONTENTMENT

He has given me money in sufficiency,
And the necessaries of those things
That money will buy.
He has given me my senses
That I might enjoy his creations.
He has given me her
And I am happy.
He has given these things to other men
And they are not happy,
For there is something else.
He has given me contentment.

—THROIMOUT.

"Only six more SCHOLASTICS!" shouted our friend, Ye Literary Ed with fiendish glee, the other day. —CYRANO OF CHICAGO.

LITERARY

Like Billy

Memories Soften the Failure's Heart

ARNOLD WILLIAMS

FRISBEE'S was the kind of a drug store to which one could go on Christmas or the Fourth of July when there was urgent need of some article and all the rest of the stores were closed in celebration of the day. It was one of those lone survivors of that distant pre-war day when the term "drug store" was a descriptive epithet. It had never consented to debauch the fair name of Pharmacy by becoming a general notions shop as had so many of its sisters. At Frisbee's one can buy *pure drugs,* at least the faded sign over the front door says so, or cigars, or soda, but not plate lunches or Ford parts.

No bunch of young loafers polluted the atmosphere with the stench of their gaudily banded nickel cigars, nor did men congregate to discuss politics and the world series. As cold as was the keen January wind that shrieked through the streets outside, the interior of Frisbee's was even more frigid—it was sepulchral. The very bottles that lined the walls seemed to contain the remains of some long moribund being, named, perhaps, Sod. et Pot. Tart., or Mag. Sulphas.

Into this Ed Frisgee fitted as perfectly as an undertaker fits at a funeral. No one remembered having seen Ed Frisbee smile; the general opinion was that he never had. People simply regarded him as a sour old gore embalmed in a frowsy little tomb of a store.

To the street urchins, particularly, he seemed the dyspeptic incarnation of all that was odious—a tyrant that told them the water was turned off or denied them the comforts of the antique coal stove that stood in the center of the store.

But that didn't worry Ed Frisbee. The only notice he paid to the militant world that daily passed his doors was scowl and a malediction. Men were fools; women doubly so because they tried to hide it.

Life was a never ending monotony to Ed—a routine that was the same today as yesterday. Every morning he opened up at six, ate a few sandwiches hastily obtained from the Coffee Cup around the corner, occupied himself with getting up stock from the dingy basement and waiting on business all the forenoon. At twelve he closed up a few minutes while he scurried out to grab a bite or two. Nothing much usually happened in the afternoon until about five when the night trade began coming in. At six he dined between customers on cheese and bread supplemented by a cup of black coffee brewed in a tin over a Bunsen burner.

Today had been no exception. There was little doing and Ed was able to finish his evening meal without interruption. Then he turned his attention to a prescription which had been left late in the afternoon. It was a wonder that fool doctors would never learn that an ounce and a half of powder and an ounce of lanolin would never make any kind of an ointment. Why didn't they think before prescribing such things?

The bitter cold of the weather foretold a dull night. The wind howled through the streets as a timberwolf. Ed braced himself to the task of making a satisfactory ointment out of an ounce and a half of powder and an ounce of lanolin. At least there wouldn't be much interruption.

His bent form hung over the pill tile in an attitude of half-hearted industry. His few gray hairs semed almost beautiful in

the dim light of a gas jet and his wrinkled face lost much of its hardness. Yet Ed Frisbee was not old as the calendar tells its story. His wrinkles were not caused by age, nor his bent form by years. There were many men older than Ed Frisbee . . .

He glanced up from his ointment. The front door had opened. He wiped his hands and slowly made his way to the front of the store. It was a boy, a boy so small one wondered how he managed to open the heavy front door. His face was red from the cold. A grimy, tattered newsbag slung over his left shoulder told his occupation. He must have been a stranger to the neighborhood or he would have known better than to intrude on Ed Frisbee's time.

"What d'ya want?" gruffly demanded the druggist.

"Mister, c'n I warm my hands? I'm nearly froze. Been sellin' extras. It's colder'n blazes. Please, can I—"

"No, ya can't. I don't want ya hangin' around. Get out, now, before—"

Startled by his vehemence the boy had fled before Ed could complete his threat. He whimpered a pathetic "Aw, Mister" as he disappeared into the blackness beyond, and Ed returned to his ointment.

But the matter was not ended. There was something about the lad that haunted Ed. He could not put the shivering little figure out of his mind. He seemed to call up visions of the past.

Ah! It was the thought of what might have been, of the boy that would have been just about the age of the urchin Ed had driven out into the bleak January night. And a tear loosed itself from his eyes and splashed against the marble tile.

The world would have laugher at the idea of a tear falling from Ed Frisbee's eyes. Why, they were as dry as the Sahara. The world would have been wrong, for there actually were tears in those hard old eyes—tears called up by the vision of what might have been. Rosy cheeked, mischievous, just such a boy would Billy have been.

His mind went back to the days when he first met Cecelia. It was not so long ago in time, but, oh, how far distant. Everything was changed now, everything worth living for gone.

He worked for Daddy Mueller then. He well remembered that kind old man who had been more like a father to him than an employer. He was still young. He had been out of the Pharmacy School only a few years. He was a little lonely, too, for he had not yet made any friends in the big city to which he had come to seek his fortune.

He had first seen Cecelia one night just before closing time. Her little brother was ill, she had told him, and she came in search of a doctor. The little brother was very ill. They could not get the family doctor. Could Ed get them one?

Ed found her a physician. He filled the prescription which the doctor had written and took it to Cecelia's house himself. He stayed there until morning, helping as only a druggist can.

Ed returned the next day to see how the brother was coming through. Cecelia thanked him. "I don't know what we would have done without you," she said.

It was not long until the ill one was well as ever, but still Ed called.

In those days Ed impatiently awaited six o'clock on those nights when he was off. A bite to eat, time to change clothes, and then off to see Cecelia. He thrilled at the memory of those nights. Life was sweet then; the world was good.

Then there came the time when Ed realized that he and Cecelia were two that ought to be one.

The night was soft and fragrant. There seemed to be faint perfume in the air, faint perfume and low music. Cecelia was as the night, soft, fragrant, desirable. Beneath a misty moon he told her of his love. Her surrender was complete. She laid her little hand in his. She was his. . . his forever.

Ed wanted a simple wedding but Cecelia insisted on an elaborate affair with bridesmaids and flower-girls and all those little dramatic effects that women love so well. It mattered little to him. After the wedding they went to Niagara, as all young couples should to start off life right.

They were happy those first few months. Cecelia was more beautiful than ever in the performance of these little tasks around the house.

Ed still worked for Daddy Mueller. He was doing well, as well as could be expected, but he saw that the day would soon come when he would have to leave the kindly old German and strike out for himself. The opportunity for which he was looking finally came. A small drug store in a fast developing section of the city was offered for sale.

It was hard to leave Daddy. That venerable old apothecary wished Ed well. "A young feller has to vatch oud for himself und his vife," he said. "Vy, I remember ven I first got married—"

Ed was able to make the initial payment and buy some new fixtures out of the money he and Cecelia had saved for the day. It would be hard work getting the store going. He would have to build up a business and make friends. The payments had to be kept up, for it would be three years before Ed could call the store his own. Yes, it would be hard work, but he was young.

About this time Ed became a parent, happy and proud as is the way with parents. He nearly poured the aromatic spirits of ammonia into the boric acid bottle he was filling when the doctor brought him the news. A boy! Ed rushed home only to be told the baby was asleep and must not be awakened. Already he had visions of the day he would take his son back of the prescription case and teach him to roll his first pill.

Ed worked all the harder now, for there were two to provide for, and one whose future must be considered. William Edward should go to college. Cecelia had insisted on the Edward, although it was Ed's opinion that one Ed in the family was sufficient. Still, perhaps they might call him Eddy.

The little business grew and grew. Every day saw a new customer added to the already considerable number that took confidence in Ed Frisbee's pharmacy and pleasure from his smile. In answer to Cecelia's often repeated demands that he take a little time off lest he work himself to death, he had employed another registered clerk, besides a delivery boy and a dispenser. Ed's very soul was in the store.

Ah, those nights at home! After Cecelia had crooned Billy (the Edward had disappeared and the William had been shortened to Billy) to sleep, she would sit by the fire doing those humble household tasks that so exalt a woman, or smoothing Ed's hair while he narrated all the incidents of the day at the store. He would tell her how he got an extra five percent discount from the wholesale house, what the cigar salesman told him, all those little things that mean so much to young druggists.

Life in those days was a joyous experience. Billy was growing, becoming a cute, fat little lump of pink flesh, with a remarkable propensity to getting dirty and a sweet way of cooing "da-da." Ed and Cecelia were as happy as two mortals ever were.

And then came the stirring days of spring in seventeen. Men went about hushed and dreadful of calamity. That memorable day when the storm broke! War! It screamed from the headlines. It fell on the bustling metropolis like a thunderbolt. Recruiting stations sprang up like mushrooms. Old men recalled the days of Bull Run and Antietam and young men, thrilling as ever to the call, spoke bravely and lightly of "going over."

The night war was declared Ed came home a little early. Cecelia had waited up for him. She kissed him when he came in the door. but it was not like the other times she had kissed him. There was a feeling of tragedy in her kiss—of tragedy and of duty.

"You have heard the news?" Ed asked her quietly and anxiously.

"Yes," she answered softly.

"Cecelia—"

"Ed—"

"I ought to go."

"Yes, Ed. It is your duty."

"But you . . . and Billy."

"We can take care of ourselves. Mother will come and help me. The store? What will you do with it?"

"Old George will tend to it until I come

back. I saw him today. He promised he would."

Cecelia did not cry when Ed went away. With a smile on her brave little face she told Billy, "Say bye-bye to papa. He's going away—'Way 'cross the ocean. Say bye-bye to papa, Billy."

Billy waved a tiny, smiling bye-bye. Ed took his son in his arm and nearly smothered him under the burden of his kisses. Then he went, never to see either of them again.

Those letters from Cecelia—they made the gloomy life amid the mud and blood of that soggy old front bearable. Usually they had a page or two of childish scrawls that were Billy's attempts to keep papa cheered. They told all about the little happenings at home —what Billy said to the milkman, how he was walking everywhere, the way Old George was taking care of the store. After reading them Ed always felt happy. He hoped it wouldn't be long until he'd be back with them.

It seemed it must be ages, though. The Germans had commenced their Spring drive, and were battering at the gates. If only the war-weary Allies could stem the tide until enough Americans came over. More were arriving all the time, but sometimes it looked as if the war would be over before they could do any good. Somehow the English and French held on. It was hard, desperate fighting.

Then came July. And with it the counter assault that ended the war. All along the front the Allies took the offensive. Everyone knew it would not be long. It was only a matter of time when the tired Germans would sign the armistice that would mean America to Ed. America and Cecelia . . . and Billy.

Finally the day arrived, the glorious November morning when the retreating Germans realized the futility of continued resistance. The Armistice! Ed entered a seemingly endless line of parades and inspections as patiently as his ardent nature would permit. At length the moment came when he turned his back on France and the big transport ship headed towards America.

After debarkation there was another round of parades and "Welcome Home" demonstrations when the glorious warriors of liberty were daily reminded of the service they had done to humanity. Demobilization at last and Ed boarded the train that was to take him back to Cecelia and Billy. What a feeling!

Nothing was changed, only a little older and more deserted. The same old buildings, though a few did have new names, viewed from the windows of the same old street car. Four squares, two squares, half a square, and then Ed got off the car. The store looked about the same as it had when he left it. But he did not stop. He went straight down that old familiar street. Home!

In a minute he found himself opening the gate—the house was an old-fashioned one with a fence and a gate which Cecelia would never allow changed. Soon he was at the door.

There was no one to greet him. He had not told Cecelia he would be home so soon. She was not expecting him. Where could she be? There was a strange feeling crept over Ed. The place was deserted. Everything was in its proper place; no toys scattered all over the floor as usual. No greasy little hand prints on the window panes. All was clean and still. The house was desolate.

"Cecelia, oh, Cecelia," Ed called out. His voice echoed through the rooms.

A slight sound came from upstairs. Then someone descending the stairs. It was Cecelia's mother.

"Cecelia? Where is she? And Billy? Ed asked anxiously, almost desparately.

"We have been trying to get you for a week. Every place we telegraphed told us you had just left. "We—"

"But Cecelia? Where is she?"

Softly, sadly the mother told her story. Billy had taken ill one day. The doctor had called it the flu. There was an epidemic and Billy seemed to have it. Cecelia was untiring in caring for him. It had not been long before she, too, had become a victim. She had remained on her feet as long as she could. Finally, she had yielded to the demand of the doctor and gone to bed. The mother had cared for both of them.

Billy had become worse and worse. Early

one morning his pure soul left the wee, pain-racked body and gone forth. The shock had been too much for Cecelia in her weakened condition. In her last moments she had asked for Ed continuously. "Mother, will he come soon? I want him . . . I need him so. Ed, Ed, why don't you come? Ed—" Her voice had trailed off into oblivion. She had gone to join her son.

.

Once more Ed Frisbee's face was seen behind the counter of the pharmacy on the square. But it was not the Ed Frisbee of old—the buoyant, effervescent, young Ed Frisbee. Life meant nothing to him. It had been robbed of all that was worth while. His face became the face of one that lost what can never be regained.

His disposition became sour. Men who had walked blocks out of their way to trade with him now preferred to buy their cigars elsewhere. The business went to seed. Ed no longer cared. He neglected the store as he neglected himself. And it became like him, gloomy and sepulchral.

While other druggists installed new fixtures and adopted new ideas, Frisbee's went backward. Windows that should have been changed every week went on accumulating dust for months. Ed Frisbee became a morose hermit that regarded life with bitterness and rancor and whom life regarded not at all.

That is the story of Ed Frisbee. And that is the reason why a tear loosed itself from his fading eyes and embedded itself in the long-neglected ointment. For Ed Frisbee, sour old Ed Frisbee, had a heart. It had been buried all these years, and now it arose from its tomb.

"Yes, Billy would be just about that old now," he was saying, "I wonder—"

He was actually smiling as he emerged from behind the prescription case and made for the front door. The stooped old form seemed animated by a new force.

The bleak winds still shieked out their chill cries. Yes, he was there. The same three extras were under his arms as he stood on the corner bidding defiance to all the wintry host. Had he not kept moving about he would have been indistinguishable from the surrounding night.

"Hey, there," Ed called. "Come here."

Startled, the boy looked around. His little face turned towards Ed in a manner that was pathetic and anxious. He approached the open door in which Ed stood timidly, as if distrusting the motives of the one who summoned him.

"Come on inside," he was bidden.

With one eye on Ed and the other on the door, probably planning a hasty exit should his fears materialize, the lad stepped inside.

"Wa-wanna b-buy an extry?" he asked in a shivering voice.

"Yes, I'll take 'em. Don't you want to get warm? Aren't you almost froze? Must be awfully cold. Here's a quarter. Is that enough?"

The eyes of the urchin grew large and sparkled. "Gee thanks, mister. Doncha want no change?"

"No. Say, where do you live?"

"Down on Elm street. 718, that little brown house. Why?"

"Nothing." There was sadness in Ed Frisbee's voice. There would never be another like Billy.

A Tear Indeed

A Short Short-Story

FRANCIS COLLINS MILLER

WHO would surmise that a French heel create such disaster in the world! Of course, it would depend on who was wearing the heel. Heels are funny . . . some chaps are considered heels.

In fashionable novels beautiful women do not ride street cars. Michael Arlen has a particular aversion to the tram . . . he opines it plebeian. Notwithstanding, beautiful women *do* ride street cars, and that is precisely where a French heel gained momentary advantage.

Carmelita Smith waited patiently at the corner of 18th and Washington street for a car. In Marion the service is, it might be said, atrocious. Carmelita was ill-tempered. Soft lips are easy to curl, blue eyes are quite capable of scowling, white foreheads are often given to frowning. So Carmelita was doing all of these things . . pretty of her.

A young man stood back of her. He, likewise, was awaiting the tardy trolley.

This young man was "Spot" Wilson. He was seized by a desire to know Carmelita.

He smiled but received nothing but a twist of head in return. So the car came along. Carmelita placed a dainty foot on the first step . . then and there "Spot" Wilson swore this woman was going to be his wife.

Enter . . the heel! As Carmelita attempted the second step the dainty French heel of the left pump refused to budge from a small gap in the first step. Carmelita was annoyed. Horrors! She gave a violent and petulant jerk of limb and the heel came off.

The unfortunate beauty flushed a bright cerise! She hobbled and turned. She looked into "Spot" Wilson's brown eyes. He picked up the heel and assisted her into the car. During the next ten minutes, by some maneuver and trick of feminine artistry, Carmelita, luckily, got the heel temporarily in place.

Meanwhile "Spot" was looking at her profile.

"Thank you so *very* much," she said sweetly to "Spot."

"I'm glad to be of assistance," he replied. "But I'm rather glad that it happened . . . I'm dying to know you."

They talked commonplace . . . lovers have no science of conversation.

What horror swept over "Spot's" soul when he saw a plain gold band on her wedding finger! Since "Spot" had no desire to join the buckshot league he rather dropped his attentions. Not without pangs of envy, however, did he watch her leave the car downtown. Here was a girl whom he could have loved; who dropped out of heaven like a flashing meteor only to turn to black stone. "Spot" saw Happiness flit around the corner.

But "Spot" didn't know the whole story. She wasn't married at all, and she liked "Spot!" The band of gold "Spot" saw was a Tri Kappa sorority ring with the face turned into the palm.

That is life for you . . . ships passing in the night.

But why should "Spot" worry? Hafiz said:

"Life is not worth the trouble; the whole sky,
With all its pomp and pageantry of stars,
Was never worth the heaving of a sigh;
A tear indeed were paying far too high!"

The Apparition

A Short Short-Story

LEO R. McINTYRE

THE palsied, decrepit old cabman with the faded-out eyes sat on top of his cab under the arc light. He was hungry. His horse Noah was hungry. Business was a luxury now which he seldom enjoyed. There were too many danged old automobiles: they throttled his trade; they were inevitably driving him to the wall, the wall which eventually everyone has to climb never to descend again.

Just then the cabman's ruminations were checked momentarily by the appearance of a tall man, effulgent with a light not that radiating from the flickering arc light. He walked up to the cab. "Where to, sir?" rasped the cabman, as his first customer in three days opened the door of the cab to enter.

"To the Memorial Park Cemetery," quietly directed the tall, effulgent man.

"Giddap, Noah!" —The cabman thought that his charge must not be a citizen of the town; there was only one burial ground in the town and, though its official title was "The Memorial Park Cemetery," everyone in town called it "the graveyard."

There was silence after a fashion then. Occasionally this quiet was disturbed as the cabman gruffly snorted commands to his scrawny, laboring horse. Noah was getting old, thought the cabman; his pull wasn't as strong as it used to be.

The cab toiled through many streets enveloped in the shroud of somnolency. Up a high hill clambered the horse with the cab groaning right at his heels; down the hill treaded the horse with the cab snarling at the back of its adamant leader. His charge was very quiet, thought the old cabman.

"Whoa, Noah!" The driver pulled the reins taut, threw in the brake with a celerity born of long service, and Noah reared up on his hind legs with his fore legs wildly pawing at the night.

The cabman's bones creaked as he heavily alighted to the ground.

"Here we are, sir, at last!" he enthused, in anticipation of the forthcoming emolument, as he grasped the knob on the door of the cab.

The cab door swung open; the smiling visage of the old driver dried up like a drop of water in the desert; his tanned, weather-beaten face became as white as that of a young acolyte serving his first Mass.

"My God!" he gasped, his breath coming with great difficulty, as he instinctively threw his hands up before his eyes and hastily fell back from the cab's open door.

A voice, from inside the cab, spoke tenderly: "Well done, my good and faithful servant."

The next morning at six o'clock Michael Brady, caretaker of Memorial Park Cemetery, found a cab, a horse, and a cabman standing in front of the cemetery's entrance. The horse was standing upright in his harness with his ears cocked; the cabman stood crouched about three feet from the cab door and facing it, his hands thrown up before his face in a posture that bespoke awe. Brady was still more mystified when he discovered that both the horse and the cabman were stone dead.

Shakespearean Tragedy

JOSEPH OBLIGATO

(Continued from Last Week)

What is this "fate" which the impressions already considered lead us to describe as the ultimate power in the tragic world? It appears to be a mythological expression for the whole system or order, of which the individual characters form an inconsiderable and feeble part, which seems to determine, far more than they, their native dispositions and their circumstances, and through these, this action; which is so vast and complex that they can scarcely at all understand it or control its workings; and which has a nature so definite and fixed that whatever changes take place in it produce other changes inevitably and without regard to men's wishes and regrets. And whether this system or order is called "fate" or not, it can hardly be denied that it does appear as the ultimate power in the tragic world, and that it has such characteristics as these.

Whatever may be said of accidents, circumstances and the like, human action is, after all, presented to us as the central fact in tragedy, and also as the main cause of the catastrophe. We hold the agents responsible for these actions, and the tragedy would perish for us if we did not. The critical action is, more or less, good or bad. The catastrophe is the return of this action on the head of the agent.

It is an example of justice. The rigor of its justice is terrible, no doubt, for a tragedy is a terrible story; but, in spite of fear and pity, we acquiesce, because our sense of justice is satisfied.

Justice must be distinguished from "poetic justice." Poetic justice means that prosperity and adversity are distributed in proportion to the merits of the agent. Such poetic justice is a flagrant contradiction with the facts of life, and it is absent in Shakespeare's tragedies. "The doer must suffer"—this we find in Shakespeare. We also find that villainy never remains victorious and prosperous at the last.

It is a mistake to use at all these terms of justice and merit or desert. First, because essential as it is to recognize the connection between act and consequence, and natural as it may seem in some cases to say that the doer only gets what he deserves, yet in many cases to say this would be quite unnatural. In the second place, the ideas of justice and desert are in *all* cases untrue to our imaginative experience.

Understanding the statement that "the ultimate power of order is moral;" to mean that itself is alien to good and alien from evil, we investigate what grounds it has in the tragic fact as presented by Shakespeare. In Shakespearean tragedy the main source of the convulsion which produces suffering and death is never good: good contributes to this convulsion only from its tragic implication with its opposite in one and the same character. The main source on the contrary, is, in every sense evil, and evil in the fullest sense in most cases, not mere imperfection but plain moral evils. Even when this plain moral evil is not the obvious prime source within the play, it lies behind it.

Confining our attention to the hero, and to those cases where the gross and palpable evil is not in him but elsewhere, we find that the comparatively innocent hero still shows some marked imperfection or defect,—irresolution, precipitancy, pride, credulousness, excessive simplicity, excessive susceptibility to sexual emotions, and the like. These defects, or imperfections are certainly, in the wide sense of the word, evil, and they contribute decisively to the conflict and catastrophe.

We must add another fact, or another aspect of the same fact. Evil exhibits itself everywhere as something negative, barren, weakening, destructive, a principle of death. It isolates, disunites, and tends to annihilate not only its opposite but itself. At the close of the struggle he has vanished and has left

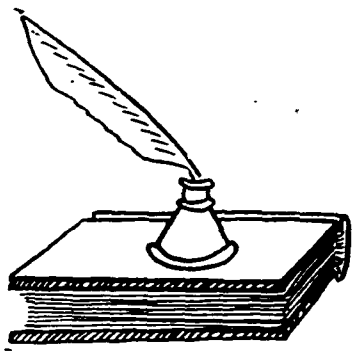
behind him nothing that can stand. This inference is clear. If existence in an order depends on good, and if presence of evil is hostile to such existence, the inner being or soul of this order must be alien to good.

They are aspects of the tragic world at least as clearly marked as those, which taken alone, suggest the idea of fate. In their turn they may suggest, when taken alone, the idea that an order which indeed does not award poetic justice, but which reacts through the necessity of its own "moral" nature both against attacks made upon it and against failure to conform to it. This view seems quite able to do justice to those aspects of the tragic fate which give rise to the idea of fate.

This view has a large measure of truth, but the evil against which it asserts itself, and the persons whom this evil inhabits, are not really something outside the order, so that they can attack it or fail to conform to it; they are within it and a part of it. It itself produces them. It is not poisoned; it poisons itself.

Nor does the idea of a moral order asserting itself against attack or want of conformity answer in full to our feeling regarding the tragic characters. We feel the idea that they are its parts, expressions, products; that in their defect or evil it is untrue to its soul of goodness, and falls into conflict and collision with itself. And that, to save its life and regain peace from this intestinal struggle, it casts them out, it has lost a part of its own substance,—a part more dangerous and unquiet, but far more valuable and nearer to its heart, than that which remains. There is no tragedy in its expulsion of evil: the tragedy is that this involves the waste of good.

Thus, we are left finally with an idea showing two sides or aspects which we can neither separate nor reconcile. Shakespeare was not attempting to justify the ways of God to men, or to show the Universe as a Divine Comedy. He was writing tragedy, and tragedy would not be tragedy if it were not a painful mystery. Nor can he be said even to point distinctly, like some writers of tragedy, in any direction where a solution might lie. We find a few references to gods or God, to the influence of the stars, to another life: some of them certainly, all of them perhaps, merely dramatic,—appropriate to the person from whose lips they fall. Accidents once or twice remind us strangely of the words, "there's a divinity that shapes our end." More important are other impressions. From certain sources there comes a presentiment, formless but haunting, and even profound, that all the fury of conflict, with its waste and woe, is less than half the truth, even an illusion, "such stuff as dreams are made of." We remain confronted with the inexplicable fact, or the no less unexplicable appearance of a world traveling for perfection, but bringing to birth, together with glorious good, an evil which it is able to overcome only by self torture and self waste. And this fact or appearance is tragedy.



How To Revive Interest In Poetry

Some Advice for Readers and Writers of Verse

RICHARD ELPERS

IT is a fact of common knowledge that practically no one reads worth-while verse. It is a theory of personal consideration that this antipathy toward poetry can be penetrated only by that class of light lyrics known as "vers de société," or society verse.

Let us understand the spirit of the times as it affects poetic appreciation. The leisure class seems to be engaged in a breathless search for smart ways of avoiding leisure. Their fetish is entertainment, their anathema boredom. From their literature they demand sophistication, from their social contacts stimulation, and from their music sprightly rhythm. As for poetry and its culture—to the modern society devotee, culture is a hauteur that may be acquired by frequenting the company of "those who belong." The same attitude is held by the classes of less leisure; they ape the elite.

What are ideas of these people about poetry? They are familiar with it in two of its phases: classical and imagist verse. They remember the former as a dull routine of mental drudgery endured at school. Imagist or free verse they took up as a fad in the early nineteen-hundreds because it was new then. But blank verse has had its skyrocket flare, and now its incidental adherents see that it was merely fancy card-board and sticks, and not a star at all. To-day the casual readers who find time for a little poetry can discover no form of it in sympathy with the present mood; therefore, they discard its very name as synonymous with "tedium."

Apparently, then, disregard of the lyric Muse is due to ignorance of her versatility. The time is auspicious for a pleasant campaign to lead public taste back from the bitter herbage of scandal stories, "art" magazines, and sex drama to the meadows of poetry. But the return must be by self-persuasion, not by force of didactic argument.

Now, what form of verse would be attractive to such novices? We must remember that they are accustomed to the flesh-pots of Egypt; we must not too abruptly vary their diet to the milk and honey of the Promised Land. We noted above the contemporaneous tastes—sophistication, stimulation, and sprightly rhythm. Very well, we must pander to these perverse appetites. We must serve up hors d'oeuvres that will pique their palates for this new menu of mental delicacies.

Only one class of poems has the éclat that they seek—society verse. Here is the ideal cocktail to tempt the poetry-prohibitionists. Sophistication, they cry? Here are clever nuances, double-edged inferences, the love of life. Stimulation—here are dainty thoughts in vivacious words, a diabolical manipulation of "catchy breaks." Here is all the provocative harmony of a current musical hit finished with the perfection of a symphony orchestra.

A thorough and authoritative description of this poetic form reveals its perfect agreement with the ideals of smartness characteristic of the age. According to Frederick Locker-Lampson in his "Lyra Elegantiarum," "vers de société should be short, graceful, refined, and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful. The tone should not be pitched high; it should be terse and idiomatic, and rather in the conversational key; the rhythm should be crisp and sparkling, and the rhyme frequent and never forced. The entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish and completeness; for subordination to the rules of composition and perfection of execution are of the utmost importance. The qualities of brevity and buoyancy are absolutely essential. The poem may be tinctured with a well-bred

philosophy, it may be whimsically sad, it may be gay and gallant, it may be playfully malicious or tenderly ironical, it may display lively banter, and it may be satirically facetious; it may even, considering it merely of art, be pagan in its philosophy or trifling in its tone, but it must never be flat, or ponderous, or commonplace."

There may be an objection on the part of young readers that this type of verse is too frivolous. Young people feel that they must not be too polite or too cultured for fear of being considered old-fashioned or good. In reciprocal self-defence, they cultivate an air of recklessness and worldliness. Poetic hope, however, is not lost for them; familiar verse has virile stanzas with just the atmosphere of daring abandon that they favor. They have but to turn back to the Nineteenth Century troubadours: Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang, Oscar Wilde, and their confreres. The dashing bravado of Dobson's "Ballad of Beau Brocade," of Alfred Noyer' "The Highwayman," of Lang's "Ballade of Queen Anne" has none of the gentility of sentiment that they censure in some of the parlor verses. Or the young animal-spirits may go back still further, and read the chanzos and sirventes of the troubadours themselves. There are stirring translations of Guillaume de Saint-Gregory, of Bertrand de Born, Pierre Vidal, Arnaud de Marveil, and even of King Richard Coeur de Lion, who sing of wars and gallantry in the true medieval vein. True, there are not many such translations, but there are enough to convince the up-to-date youth and maid that not all poetry is "sweet," and wordy.

Troubadour poetry may seem unappropriate for the book shelf of a young woman, but, aside from its literary worth, it is just possible that it may have an unexpected psychological value. The lilting insouciance of the style may appeal to that romantic side of a girl's nature that cherishes the old fancy of a mailed knight doing battle for her stainless honor; this side has been sadly warped in many of our sisters by their exposures to sport-roadsters and to escorts of the genus "travelling-man." The really significant effect, however, may come from the girl's natural impulse to reincarnate fictional characters that she admires. What impression of womanhood will she form from the ballads of the minstrel-knights? This one—that the highest fruit in the tree is the sweetest, that the woman most unattainable is the woman most desired, that no man is worthy of a woman who keeps her place on her pedestal. To be sure, she will read of illicit loves, but she too will read the bard's true heart in such pure sentiment as this stanza from Ausias March:

"Within a gentle heart love never dies;
He fades in breasts which guilty thoughts
distress,
And fails the sooner for his own excess;
But lives, when rich in virtuous qualities.
When the eye sees not and the touch is gone,
And all the pleasure Beauty yields are o'er,
How'er the conscious sufferer may deplore,
We know that soon such sensual griefs are flown.
Virtuous and holy love links mind to mind;
And such is ours, which death cannot unbind."

Nothing could be more appropriate, than that poetry, the creed of pure beauty, should be the means of refining the crude practically of this generation of young people.

Thus light verse recommends itself as the instrument of reformation for poetic apostates. But do not the faithful brethren in the religion of poetry deserve an indulgence or need some rejuvenation? When the lyric argosy was similarly becalmed in the middle Victorian Period, Austin Dobson and his friends freshened its sails with their adaptations of the old French rhyme forms. Let the poet of to-day consider, then, the advisability of killing two birds with one stone, of converting the faithless and reviving the lax to the fervor of poesy, by exploiting in fresh guises the timely appeal of society verse. What other form answers better the cry "Give us variety; give us charm?"

Desdemona

One of Shakespeare's Great Feminine Characters Analyzed

ARTHUR A. MITIGUY

THE difference between the surgery of character analysis and the bloody process of the scalpel artist is not one of technique and procedure to the scientific mind. Both should be impassioned and both are a matter of dissection. To analyze a character is to pull it to pieces; to view each separate anatomical part as a piece of mechanism; to ascertain the relation of this part to the whole; in short, to study the anatomy of character with the logic of a scientist. The method may be ideal, it may advance the cause of science, but it is an impossibility, at least, when the character under the microscope is that of Desdemona. One cannot maintain the prosaic coolness of a scientist when the wife of the Moor is on the operating table awaiting dissection, drugged with the sleep of centuries.

Dissection is a horrible affair and Desdemona is the incarnation of femininity. Leave your medical and psycho-analytical tactics to the realm of science and follow the tread of "fair Desdemona" with the eyes of a lover. Live and suffer with her from her first glance of Othello down to that "bloody period." Love as she loved, marvel as she marvelled, imagine as she imagined, believe as she believed and your world will be transformed; for Desdemona is the dream come true. She is life in its frailty and beauty that perishes because it cannot witstand the "whips and scorns of time."

There is something poetic about Desdemona that does not bear analysis. Poetry, beauty, and Desdemona are to be felt, to be known, and not to be examined. They burst at the touch of analysis as a dandelion gone to seed bursts at the touch of the wind. They are emotional stimuli and are to be enjoyed without question.

The first trait that assails us in the character of Desdemona is one that is distinctly feminine. It is her enjoyment and love for the marvelous. She sits and listens to Othello recount his many adventures. She swings like a pendulum from pity to rapturous admiration as he with the full poetry of his soul tells "of the cannibals that each other eat" and other tales of wonder. It is with this witchcraft that Othello wooed her, and Desdemona succumbed to it. The blackness of the Moor, "the sooty bosom," she saw not, but could see only the marvelous side of Othello. "She shunned the wealthy curled darlings" and married the Moor all because she fell in love with a tale of wonder. She is quintessentially feminine, and is the type of character in which "sensibility" novelists would have delighted. But Shakespeare saves her from becoming the weeping, swooning type, and in saving her makes her approach perfection. He makes her a woman of character and instead of being sickened by numerous faintings, floods of tears, and other feminine weapons, we admire this woman who can follow a tale with varying degrees of emotion and still be strong when strength is needed.

That Desdemona could be strong is evidenced by her refusal to say anything against Othello when the elopement put Brabatio "into a tow'ring passion." She strikes a cord that brings echoes of the reserved Cordelia. Her allegiance is divided now, and while she loves her father she must be true to her husband, Othello. We are well aware that deceit is never admirable, but we would have difficulty in reprimanding "fair Desdemona" for deceiving her father in her marriage. If the choice of a husband is not always considered beyond the jurisdiction of parents, at least it is universally agreed that parental interference ends where marriage begins. Desdemona, like Cordelia, intended that there should be no mistake about this, and we cannot but admire her courage in asserting it.

If we are the least romantic about our ideas of love and marriage, we cannot but

sanction her deceitfulness, because if there is one romantic truth more true than another, it is that love will find a way. To question whether or not the love of Desdemona and Othello was a real love and not simply sex passion, as Iago intimated, is making this paper a little too modern.

Desdemona's most salient and lovable character trait is the one that perhaps furnishes the greatest source of pathos in the play. There is a distinction slightly larger than the breadth of a hair in the connotations of the two terms pathos and tragedy. If tragedy in *Othello* is connected with Othello most intimately, it is Desdemona that is pathetic. It is not alone from the fact that all girls are more or less a source of pathos, but that Desdemona's natural character intensifies the pathos caused by the tragic events in the play. Desdemona is wholly innocent of the accusations of Othello, as we all know; but she is even farther removed from guilt that merely not committing a crime will remove one. She cannot conceive the idea, she cannot catch the full purport of the accusation until Iago and Emilia explain it more fully. Her innocence is exemplified fully in this scene with Iago and Emilia when she refused to utter certain terms. Shakespeare fully brings out this trait of innocence by making Emilia the opposite type. Emilia does not hesitate to speak freely. Her vocabulary along certain lines is unlimited and is surpassed only by her desire to use it. She is the original free talker on sex and has to her credit a long line of followers in the present age. Desdemona, however, knows crime but as a name. She knows it exists but can't conceive where, and undoubtedly she was well educated, though from this ignorance it is evident that social pathology was not included in her curriculum of studies.

As a natural consequence of such innocence, Desdemona is very credulous. She cannot believe herself suspected and cannot conceive of the existence of guilt in others. She refuses to believe that anyone could be led to whisper anything in Othello's ear that was not "sweet nothings." If she will not believe bad of anyone, she will believe good of him upon the slightest evidence. In fact, she will believe almost anything, and if it were not for the connotation of the word one would be tempted to call her gullible.

One finds it difficult to dwell upon the death of Desdemona. We all must die but to be smothered in your own bed—ah! the thought is catastrophic to mental equilibrium. If there is any moral to be drawn after that of being chary of jealousy, it is that fact that after all virtue is not its own reward. Shakespeare has given us many apothegms, quotations, and pithy sayings; but this time he has shattered the most trite of all proverbs. The one regrettable fact is that "fair Desdemona" should be the instrument of destruction.

Death

Down the dull-gleaming street,
Wheathed in stifling fumes,
Creeps a shadow,
Silent.

The young moon's irridescent light,
Filt'ring thru gaseous deep,
Shines dimly on features,
Sad.

The deep velvet darkness enfolds
Whispering things untold,
Unknown to man,
Vague.

Sweet! Sweet, indeed, is death,
A haven to a weary soul,
Apart from the world,
Alone.

—W.H.M.

SPORT NEWS

N. D. Begins Outdoor Track With Southern Relays

Notre Dame track men began their participation in the spring relay meets very auspiciously last Friday and Saturday when they finished among the leaders in the University of Texas and Rice Institute Relays.

Four of the best sprinters on the Blue and Gold squad, Captain Joe Della Maria, Charley Reily, Jack Elder, and Jack Rourke, composed the sprint relay team that competed successfully against Michigan State, Iowa State, Texas, Kansas and others.

In the Texas Meet which was held Friday afternoon, the Irish Mercuries finished third in the 440 yards relay, Michigan State's crack team composed of Alderman, Grim, Lang and Kroll, winning the event in :42 2-5 seconds.

The half mile baton event during the same meet was one of the most exciting ever staged during the three year life of the Texas games. Michigan State, Notre Dame and Iowa State finished in the order named, slight distances separating them from each other. The Irish sprinters forced Michigan State to break the Texas record for the distance. The time was 1:29.1.

The Texas competition must have whetted the athletic appetite of the 500 track men entered for Saturday's performances at the Rice games were not lacking in brilliancy. To begin with Michigan State copped the 440 and 880 yards relays again, The Irish reversing their rating of the previous day, ran second in the quarter mile and third in the half mile event.

REORDS TUMBLE

Individual performances were unusually good in Saturday's meet, considering the newness of the season. Doornbos, of Kansas, who won the 60 yards high hurdles in the Central Intercollegiate Meet here two weeks ago, stepped the 120 yds high stiles in :14.9. leading a crack field to the tape. Lyons of Illinois hurled the sixteen pound shot more than 47 feet while White, the Illinois pole vaulter, soared 13 feet 3 1-4 inches before he was contented that he had done his best. It is a new record for intercollegiate competition.

A squad of forty varsity trackmen and 75 freshmen began training Monday for the outdoor season. Coach John Wendland will handle the track timber until Coach Knute Rockne has completed his work with spring football candidates. The first week's work will consist of cross country work only.

Special emphasis will be placed upon pointing for the various relay meets which will open the spring season. On April 16, the Kansas Relays are to be held at Lawrence, Kansas while the Drake and Ohio Relays are scheduled for a week later at Des Moines, Iowa and Columbus, Ohio respectively. The classic Pennsylvania Relays will accomodate 1000 athletes in the fifteenth resumption to be held at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, the first Friday and Saturday in May.

Notre Dame will be entered in all these meets. Sprint medley and distance fours will be developed for each meet while some of the more outstanding athletes will be sent to the various games to compete in the specialty events.

MATERIAL FOR WINNING FOURS

Coaches Rockne and Wendland will have these men to look over in choosing their relay combinations: DellaMaria, C. Riley, Elder, J. Riley in the dashes; McGauley, McDonald, Quigley, Kelly, Lahey and Winberry in the quarter mile; Abbot, McKinney and Masterson and H. Ryan in the half mile; Judge, Young, M. Ryan, Fisher, Bill and John Brown in the distance runs.

Following their competition in the

relay meets, the Notre Dame trackers will start preparations for dual and championship events. Dual meets with Illinois and Michigan State will be held early in May. A dozen athletes will be sent to the championship games of the Inter-collegiate Amateur Athletic Association of America, commonly known as the I. C. 4-A, in Harvard Stadium, Cambridge, Mass. A full squad will be sent to the Indiana State Championships and the Central Intercollegiate Conference championships at East Lansing Michigan. Individual stars will be sent to the National Intercollegiate Championships in Chicago, June 11.

BASKETBALL TRACK **AMONG INTERHALL ATHLETES** *SWIMMING HOCKEY*

Now that Morrissey and Brownson halls have occasion to tear the track banner in two and claim equal rights to the title, other interhall athletes will try to establish a clearcut claim to the swimming title.

Flaring signs about the campus have indicated that the swimming championships will be settled in the Notre Dame Natatorium on April 7 and 8. The standard events, including free, back and breast stroke dashes, relays, and fancy diving, will be on the program. Suitable medals will be given for winners of first, second, and third places. Freshmen may qualify for numerals in the interhall events.

Success of the varsity swimming team during the past two years is expected to add an impetus to interhall competition.

* * * *

Possibility that the conclusion of the regular interhall schedule next Sunday will find three teams tied for major honors loomed this week.

Sorin will clash with Carroll and Sophomore will play the Brownson five. Should Sorin defeat the Carroll team and Sophomore outdo the Brownsonites, Sorin, Carroll, and Sophomore would be tied for first place. Each team has now won nine games and lost two with the exception of Carroll who has lost but one.

In the event that a tie exists, a special series will be played to decide the winner, it is said.

Interhall baseball will get under way shortly after Easter, Rev. E. Vincent Mooney, C.S.C., of the school of physical education, said this week. Father Mooney is now coaching freshman baseball and will run interhall competition on the same basis as it has run before. Freshman will be encouraged to play on their hall teams, even though they are bidding for berths on the freshman varsity.

Last year Corby paraded to its third interhall pennant, and although many of the Corby stars are now varsity timber, Father O'Malley says that prospects for a fourth title are promising. Sophomore is known to have a strong bunch of bat-swingers while Morrissey, sensation in interhall athletics this year, will go after the pennant full force, says Father Haggerty.

FOUR TEAMS PLAY FOR SPRING GRID CHAMPIONSHIP

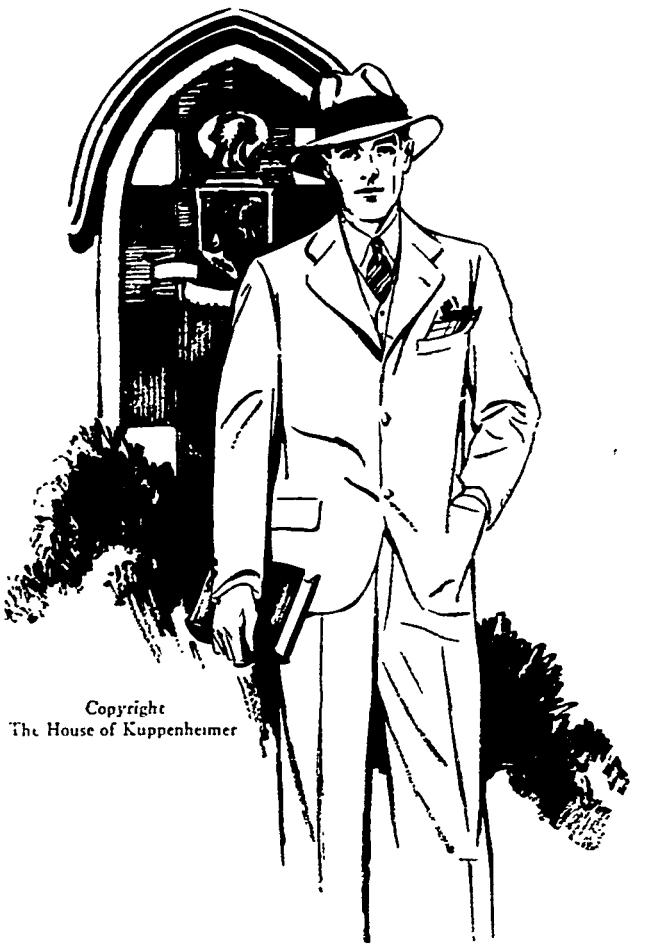
Anyone who thinks that football men work and sweat for only three months of the year might loaf on Minims campus or on the broad expanse between the gym and Sophomore Hall some evening and have his mind changed.

Under the direction of Coach Knute K. Rockne, assisted by a dozen of last year's stars, more than one hundred fifty candidates are going through their paces daily in an effort to make the 1927 squad.

Rockne's spring sessions have become almost as famous as his fall training grinds for all the tricks of the game are taught during the spring session. Fundamentals of the game, including, blocking, tackling and teamplay, are being treated.

Four squads have been organized into a league which will play regular games. The winning squad will be feted at a special banquet by "Rock." The squads and their cap-

That Flair for Style



Copyright
The House of Kuppenheimer

—that knack you have for making your appearance at once meticulous and nonchalant—that "sixth sense" of yours which tells you how to look "right" without seeming to care.

—those are the qualities of university men which make true university style the hardest of all to achieve

—and those are the very qualities which are mirrored precisely and perfectly in

Kuppenheimer

Clothes for College Men

$35 $40 $50

Suave, urbane styles for the educated taste.

Livingston's

tains are: Minnesota, Johhny Fredericks; Army, Elmer Wynne; Navy, Christy Flanagan; Southern California, Chilly Walsh.

Spring practice will close on April 9.

PENN MITMEN K. O. IRISH

A gamely fighting Irish terrier in the form of a Notre Dame boxing team, was clawed into submission last Saturday evening in its own ring, by the powerful onslaught of a mighty Nittany Lion from Penn State. The score was 5-2.

The visitors, pre-eminent among the coterie of outstanding Eastern mitt aggregations, entered the kennel of the terrier with the avowed intention of making a few amends for the overwheling gridiron defeat handed them by the aspiring Rockmen last fall, and did achieve this revenge in some measure, by putting the skids under the Irish mitmen for the very first time this year.

The comparatively large crowd of fistic fans on deck to view the melees were treated to some brilliant exhibitions of the manly art during the course of the evening's festivities, as every performer, whither visitor or host, gave the very best that was in him, and left nothing to be desired. Two knockouts featured the engagement with both teams sharing in the honors for the edification of the K. O. hungry spectators. Glazier, of Penn, sent the game Duquette of the Celts down for the count in the second round of the welterweight attraction, and Jack McGrath evened things up for the home team by battering Mahoney, of the Easterners into unconsciousness in the final battle on the card, the heavyweight.

Two Irishmen curtained the evening's fistic program in a highly satisfactory manner, that is from a Notre Dame viewpoint, as it was the home Irishman Jack McGrath, who was returned the victor via the knockout route over Mahoney, Blue and White football center and star mitt-slinger.

The Blackstone Theatre
'Indiana's Finest'

VITAPHONE Coming!

IS THRILLING THE WORLD

STARTING SUNDAY, APRIL 3, FOR ONE WEEK

ROSE'S ROYAL MIDGETS

SPANISH DANCE REVUE
SINGERS—ACROBATS
MINSTREL SHOW
DANCERS—COMEDIANS

EVERY THURSDAY NITE
OPPORTUNITY NITE

ALSO A
COMPLETE CHANGE OF PICTURE
SUNDAY AND WEDNESDAY

CHARLIE MAEHL
AT THE
GOLD KIMBALL ORGAN

25 WONDERFUL LITTLE
MEN AND WOMEN
18 TO 33 INCHES TALL
19 TO 45 YEARS OLD

EVERY MONDAY NITE
SURPRISE PACKAGE NITE



"Right to the fraction of an inch."

Spiro's Hart Schaffner & Marx Collegiate Clothes

THAT'S how university men want their clothes—that's the way we have them for you. Button spacings, length and fullness of coat, shape of lapel, width of trousers, meet definite stipulations. ¶ Woolens toe the mark, too; unusual weaves and patterns in new shades of Hazel tan, Pigeon gray, Mountain blue.

Quality's as fine as always and prices are lower. These are recent achievements of the modern strides in tailoring efficiency and large distribution. See these new clothes here.

with 2 pairs trousers

$35 $40 $45 $50

ultra hand-tailored suits $55 to $75

Sam'l Spiro & Co.

The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Stylish Clothes for College Men

A Shop for the Student
where prices are less

DAVE'S

TOG SHOP

118 South Main Street **Opposite Court House**

"SEE DAVE AND SAVE"

CLOTHES

Ready-made
And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.

Charter House

Suits and Topcoats

$40, $45, $50



DR. FRANK J. POWERS
UNIVERSITY PHYSICIAN

Res., Lincoln 6741 : Office, Main 1130

DR. LEO J. QUINLAN
DENTIST

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

The natural choice—

Out of the whole lot men pick Chesterfield for its genuine tobacco character—its *natural* good taste.

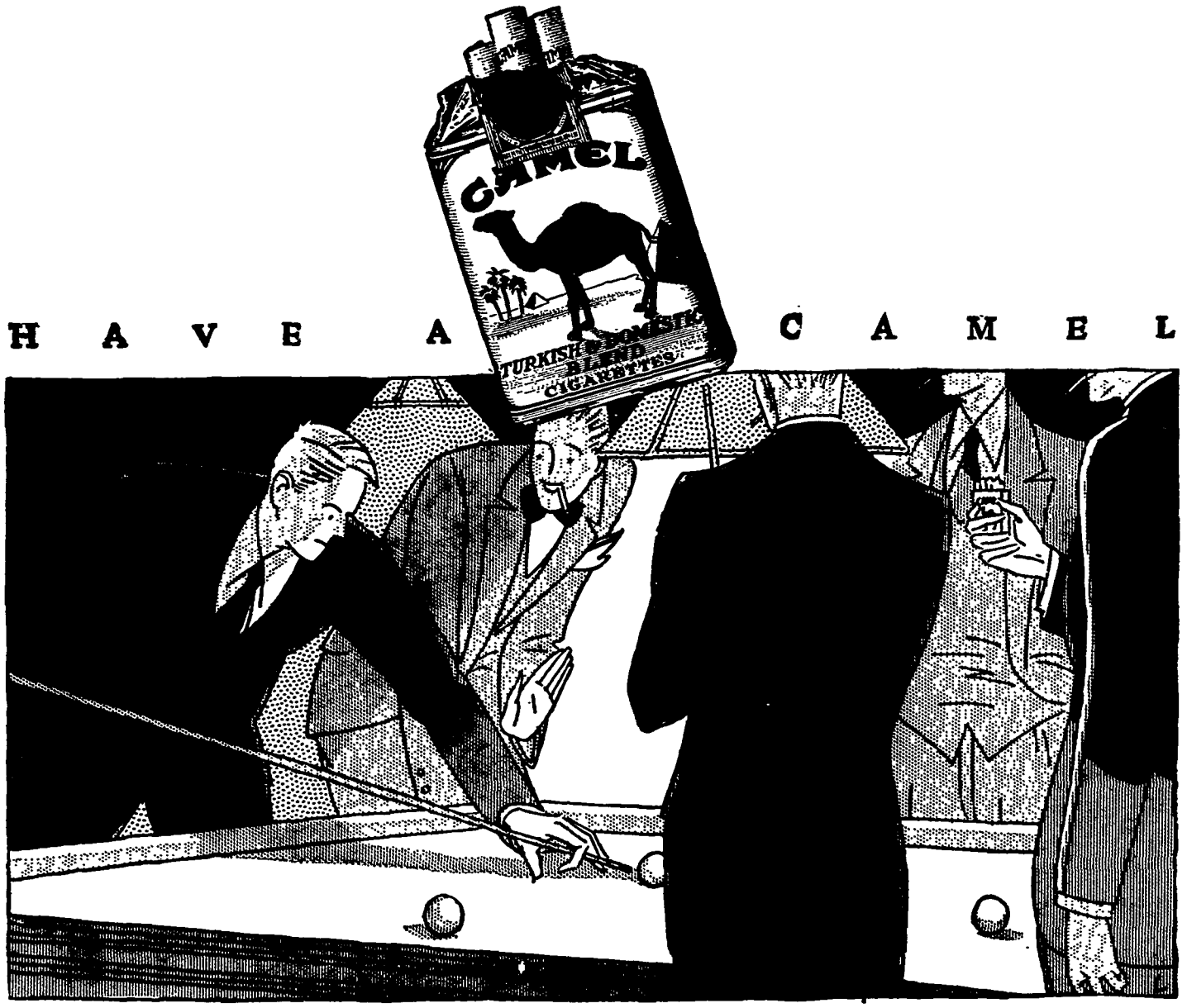


Get the *natural* character of fine tobaccos in your cigarette—and you get everything!

Chesterfield

They Satisfy—and yet, they're MILD

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.



[Group watching sharks at billiard table]

Camel is its own reason for success

THERE is just one reason why Camel is the most popular smoke in all the world—why it leads in favor all cigarettes of all time.

It is the one cigarette that will stand up all day and as far into the night as you care to go. You can smoke one or a million in daylight or dark and Camels will never tire your taste or leave a cigaretty after-taste.

Camels are rolled of such choice tobaccos, are so skilfully blended that there simply can be no better cigarette made.

And that stands, regardless of the price you pay.

If you want the choice of the world's experienced smokers, the mellowest mildness that ever came from a cigarette—

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

©1927